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"MORIAMUR PRO REGE NOSTRO MARIA THERESIA."

"LET US DIE FOR OUR KING, MARIA THERESA."

The original of the picture on our first page which we take from the London *Graphic*, was a painting by Mr. Laslett J. Pott, exhibited last year in the Royal Academy. It represents the well known story of the Hungarians in 1741 when on September 21st of that year Maria Theresa made a passionate appeal in the Hungarian Parliament.

In this picture, which was exhibited in this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy, Mr. Laslett J. Pott has illustrated the well-known incident in the Hungarian Parliament on September 21st, 1741, when Maria Theresa made a passionate appeal to the Hungarians for aid to defend her kingdom from the invading Germans, and, in the words of Carlyle, "threw herself upon their nobleness," declaring that she possessed "no allies but you in the world." While speaking, according to the favorite Hungarian version of the scene, the Queen held the child in her arms, and the sight so touched the wild Magyars' hearts that they flourished aloft their drawn swords, and shouting unanimously "Moriamur pro Rege nostro Maria Theresia," ("Let us die for our King, Maria Theresa,") voted the "Insurrection"—or general arming of Hungary—with all possible speed. The little Archduke, then only six months old, subsequently became the Emperor Joseph II.

COFFEE.

Coffee is the seed of a plant growing mostly in Arabia, the Indies and South America. The leaves are evergreen; they are as long as a finger and broad as two; smooth, green, and shining. The fruit when ripe is like a cherry; it contains two cells. Each cell has a single hemispherical seed. They are surrounded by a kind of tough husk which separates them from the juicy substance of the berry. When ripe it is gathered by hand or shaken from the tree; when shaken, cloths are put down to catch it. It is then placed in the sun to dry the pulpy substance around the seed. The husk is broken by heavy rollers, and removed by winnowing. To prepare for drinking it needs to be roasted till it is of a dark brown color, and odorous; then ground and boiled in water.

Generally but one pound is gathered from a tree; occasionally a very fine tree may yield three or four. The trees grow from eight to twenty feet high, but they are usually kept down to five feet, so the seeds can be more easily gathered, and to make it yield better. The slender, pliable branches may be bent down like an apple tree. They begin to yield at three years old, are in full bearing at five years, and bear for twenty years. The blossoms are white and very fragrant and look like flakes of snow. The coffee is harvested two or three times in a year.

Care must be taken to keep coffee separate from all articles having any strong odors, for it readily absorbs the odors of other substances. A few bags of pepper have been known to spoil a whole cargo of it.

In Sumatra the natives make their coffee from the leaves as we do tea, after being dried and rubbed into powder.

Mocha coffee from Arabia, and Java coffee are considered the best. More than half of the coffee supply of the world comes from Brazil.

UNSPOKEN WORDS.

"It is impossible but that offences will come." Every day brings its provocations, its perplexities, its misunderstandings. Irritations arise; frictions make their appearance; hurts are received. How hard it is amid all these conditions, to guard one's tongue, and leave unspoken what is best covered by silence!

A mosquito bite may, if properly cultivated, develop into an ulcer! Keep the skin thoroughly abraded, sprinkle on a little acid, touch it with minute particles of poison, and one may have a canker or a gangrene. The body will soon discharge its impurities partially into that sunken place, and help convert it into an open sewer. But let a mosquito bite alone, or apply a little sweet-oil and ammonia, and it soon disappears, leaving no trace.

A little wound in the spirit may be cultivated until the whole nature is infected. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." "Gentle silence prevents untold trouble."

WHAT SUNDAY SCHOOL PENNIES MAY DO.

Teachers who are trying to interest children in giving will find the following illustration useful:—

A man whom the native doctors had given up as hopeless was brought to a hospital in India and placed under the care of a missionary physician. The missionary determined to do what he could to prolong, if he could not save, the man's life; and meanwhile did what he could for the soul of the idolater. By the blessing of God the man's life was saved; and he was finally discharged from the hospital cured.

A friend came to take the man back to his home. Before the two started, the friend heard the gospel, too. He reasoned that a foreigner who could perform such a wonderful cure must be a wise man, and must have a good religion; so he asked for a book that taught the religion of the foreigners.

"But neither of you can read," was the answer, "and what good will books do you?"

"No matter," was the reply. "Give us the book and we will find some one to read it for us. A pedlar who can read comes to our village, and when he comes again we will tell him to read from the book before we will look at his goods. When the tax collector comes we will tell him that he must read the book to us before we will pay our taxes."

Two books were given, and the men went to their distant home.

Three years went by, and nothing had been heard about the two men. One day, when the missionary who had saved the life of the man was on a mission tour far away from the hospital, he heard of a village near by whose inhabitants had given up idolatry and wanted Christian teachers. Going to the village the missionary found the men to whom he had given the books three years before. They were as glad to see him as he was to meet them.

When the people learned that the missionary physician had come they gathered to welcome him, and asked that a teacher be sent to teach them how to become Christians. They said that the books had led them to give up the worship of idols and to accept the God of the foreigners as theirs; but they wanted to know more about him. They wished to know exactly how to serve him.

Noticing the idols remaining in the temple near, the missionary asked what they meant to do with those.

"We don't want them any more," was the answer. "We shall never use them again."

Thinking that if the idols remained in the village temple the people might some time be persuaded to return to idolatry, the missionary asked if he might have the principal one to send to his native country.

"Certainly," replied the leader. "You may take all of them. They are of no value to us."

Unwilling to remove the idol himself, the missionary asked if one of them would get the largest god for him. At once a young man walked up to the temple, and, taking hold of the largest idol, began pulling it from its place.

"You must go away," said he. "We do not want you any more. You are of no use to us. We have fed and cared for you; we have worshipped and offered sacrifices to you; and what have you done for us? Nothing. You cannot even take care of yourself. You are nothing but the work of the hands of men. You do not deserve the name of a god. We have learned of the true, the great, the only God; and him we mean to worship. We have no farther use for you, so you must go."

He then pulled the idol from its place, and handling it as if it were of no use or value, he gave it to the missionary.

That idol is now in a museum in America. The temple in which it once held a prominent and sacred place has long since been put to another use. Instead of a temple for the worship of idols, that village has a large church, in which multitudes gather to worship the true God. The religion of Jesus Christ is the religion of the village, and all the people respect if they do not all accept it.

All this was brought about by two books, and books that the men who received them, were unable to read. Had not those books been sent to that village, certainly the people would not have asked for teachers; they would not have welcomed the missionary; and probably for many years no missionary would have visited the place. The books did it, at least began the work, and prepared the way for what followed.

But who gave the money to buy those books? Perhaps some Sunday-school boy or girl in America. Perhaps two or more children gave a few cents, or only a penny apiece, and then prayed the Lord to accept and bless their offering. But somebody gave the money; and that large church and that Christian village in India, are the result.—*Rev. J. A. Davis, in N. Y. Observer.*

THE GREAT FACT is that life is a service. The only question is, Whom will we serve? —*Faber.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 26, 1890.

JOY OVER THE CHILD JESUS.—Luke 2:8-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke 2:14.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 2:1-20.—The Child Jesus.
T. John 1:1-14.—The Word made Flesh.
W. Mic. 5:1-7.—Out of Bethlehem.
Th. Rev. 19:1-16.—Heavenly Rejoicing.
F. Gal. 4:1-15.—The Fulness of the Time.
S. Eph. 1:1-14.—Accepted in the Beloved.
S. Rom. 1:1-17.—The Gospel of the Power of God.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Good News. vs. 8-12.
II. The Song of the Angels. vs. 13, 14.
III. The Joy of the Shepherds. vs. 15-20.

TIME.—B. C. 4; Augustus Cæsar emperor of Rome; Herod the Great king of Judea.

PLACE.—Bethlehem of Judea, six miles south of Jerusalem; now a thriving town with about five thousand inhabitants. Its modern name is Beit-Lahm.

OPENING WORDS.

Prophecy had declared that Christ would be born at Bethlehem. Joseph and Mary were living at Nazareth, in Galilee, but a decree of enrollment was issued by Cæsar Augustus, the Roman emperor, which required them to go to Bethlehem to be enrolled. There Jesus was born, and laid in a manger because there was no room for them in the inn. vs. 1-7.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 8. *In the same country*—near Bethlehem. V. 9. *The angel*—Revised Version, "an angel." *The glory of the Lord*—the bright appearance of the Lord's presence. Ex. 24:17; Num. 16:42; Isa. 6:1-3; Ezek. 1:28. V. 10. *Fear not*—so Gabriel addressed, first Zacharias, and then Mary. ch. 1:13, 30. *I bring you good tidings*—the same words is elsewhere rendered "preaching the Gospel." 1 Cor. 9:16. The gospel is good news to the world. V. 11. *The city of David*—Bethlehem, where David was born and brought up. *A Saviour*—see Matt. 1:21. *Christ*—the Christ, the Messiah, the anointed One. *The Lord*—Jehovah. V. 12. *A sign*—the token that this is true. *Swaddling-clothes*—the bandages in which infants in the East are wrapped. V. 14. *Glory to God . . . on earth peace*—Christ comes as the Prince of Peace, and brings to man the offer of peace. Isa. 9:6. Revised Version, "peace among men in whom he is well pleased." V. 16.—*They came with haste*—no wonder that they hurried, after receiving such a message. V. 17. *They made known abroad*—the news was too good to be kept; thus they became the first evangelists. V. 18. *Wondered*—they had not looked for the Messiah to come in this humble way.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did Joseph and Mary live? Why did they go to Bethlehem? What took place while they were there? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE GOOD NEWS. vs. 8-12.—Who were in the fields near Bethlehem? What were they doing? Who appeared to them? What shone about them? How were they affected? What encouraging word did the angel speak? What good news did he bring? For whom was this good news? Meaning of the city of David? Of Christ the Lord? By what sign were the shepherds to know the infant Saviour? Wherein did Christ's humiliation consist?

II. THE SONG OF THE ANGELS. vs. 13, 14.—Who appeared with the angel? What were they doing? What was their song? How does Christ's coming bring glory to God? What does it bring to men? How should we receive the news of Christ?

III. THE JOY OF THE SHEPHERDS. vs. 15-20.—What did the shepherds resolve to do? Where did they go? When is the best time to seek Jesus? What did the shepherds find? What did they do? How was their report received? What is said of Mary? How did the shepherds show their joy?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Christ was born a Saviour *for you, for me, for all.*
2. That his birth brings glory to God, joy to angels and salvation to men.
3. That as soon as we hear of this Saviour we should hasten to find him.
4. That when we have found him we should tell of his love to others.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What good news did an angel bring to the shepherds of Bethlehem? Ans. Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.
2. Who suddenly appeared with the angel? Ans. A multitude of the heavenly host praising God.
3. What was the song of the angels? Ans. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.
4. What did the shepherds do? Ans. They hastened to Bethlehem, and found the babe lying in a manger.
5. How was the report of the shepherds received by those that heard it? Ans. They wondered at the things which were told them by the shepherds.

LESSON V.—FEBRUARY 2, 1890.

JESUS BROUGHT INTO THE TEMPLE.—Luke 2:25-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel."—Luke 2:32.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 2:25-38.—Jesus Brought to the Temple.
T. Isa. 42:1-16.—A light of the Gentiles.
W. Isa. 60:1-14.—The Glory of the Lord.
Th. Isa. 8:11-18.—A Stone of Stumbling.
F. 1 Peter 2:1-14.—A Rock of Offence.
S. Rom. 15:1-15.—A Root of Jesse.
S. Psalm 111:1-10.—A Psalm of Praise.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Simeon's Hope. vs. 25, 26.
II. Simeon's Joy. vs. 27-32.
III. Simeon's Blessing. vs. 33-35.

TIME.—B.C. 4, forty days after the birth of Jesus; Augustus Cæsar emperor of Rome; Herod the Great king of Judea.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, in the temple.

OPENING WORDS.

Eight days after the Saviour's birth he was circumcised according to the Jewish law, and by divine command received the name of Jesus. Thirty-two days later, or on the fortieth day after his birth, he was taken to Jerusalem and presented to God in the temple, and Mary made the required thank-offering, which as she was poor, consisted only of a pair of turtle-doves. Lev. 12:2, 6, 8.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 25. *Just*—righteous in all his conduct. *Devout*—constant and conscientious in his religious duties. *The consolation of Israel*—the coming of the Messiah to console Israel. V. 26. *Revealed*—made known. (See Isa. 7:14.) *The Lord's Christ*—the Anointed of the Lord, the Lord's Christ. V. 27. *He came by the Spirit*—influenced and guided by the Spirit. *The custom of the law*—see Num. 18:15, 16. V. 29. *Now lettest thou*—a reverential expression of his desire to depart. *According to thy word*—thy promise made by special revelation. (See verse 26.) V. 31. *Before the face*—in the sight or knowledge of. *All people*—both Jews and Gentiles. V. 32. *A light*—see Isa. 25:7; 42:6; 49:6; John 1:4, 9. V. 34. *Blessed them*—Joseph and Mary. *Is set*—"lies," referring to a stone which may either become "a stone of stumbling" and a "rock of offence" or "precious corner-stone." *The fall and rising*—some fall through unbelief; others are raised up through faith. Some are cast down, too, by a sense of sin, and then raised again by this Saviour. *A sign*—for the wicked to ridicule and oppose. *Spoken against*—in every age he has been rejected. V. 35. *A sword shall pierce*—his sufferings and death shall deeply affect thy soul. John 19:26. *Thoughts of many hearts may be revealed*—this was the result of our Lord's earthly ministry, and is true of his work now. Mal. 3; 1 Peter 2:7, 8.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What name was given to the infant Saviour? When and why was he presented in the temple? Title of the lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. SIMEON'S HOPE. vs. 25, 26.—How is Simeon described? For what was he waiting? How is Christ the consolation of Israel? What had been revealed to Simeon? Meaning of the Lord's Christ?

II. SIMEON'S JOY. vs. 27-32.—Under whose influence did Simeon come into the temple? Who brought the child Jesus? For what purpose? What did Simeon do? How did he express his joy? What made him so joyful? For whom was this salvation prepared? What was this salvation to be to the Gentiles? How? What to Israel?

III. SIMEON'S BLESSING. vs. 33-35.—What did Joseph and Mary think of these things? What did Simeon say to Mary of the child? Meaning of this? What did he say to her of her own suffering? How did this come to pass? What was this treatment of Christ to do? How does our treatment of Christ reveal our hearts? What is said in 1 Cor. 1:23, 24.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That God never disappoints those that trust in him.
2. That Jesus is the Light of the world, the Glory and Consolation of his people.
3. That we should receive him with joy and love.
4. That those who reject him fall into ruin.
5. That those who receive him are raised up to eternal life.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What was the character of Simeon? Ans. He was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel.
2. What had been revealed to him? Ans. That he should not die before he had seen the Lord's Christ.
3. What did Simeon do when he saw the infant Saviour? Ans. He took him up in his arms, and blessed God.
4. How did he express his joy? Ans. He said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.
5. What did he say to Mary? Ans. Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE NURSERY.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

The nursery should be the pleasantest room in the house.

One requisite must be insisted upon by even the poorest; the nursery must have sunshine. House-keepers sometimes make the mistake of selecting the least attractive room in the house for the nursery, and reserving a pleasanter one for the guest-chamber. This is less occupied than any other in the house, and little harm is done if it is in shadow most of the day. The perfectly arranged mansion should, of course, have sunshine in every room some time during the day, but there are very few houses that are perfectly arranged. Babies are like those plants that dwindle and pine if kept in the house. They need sunlight more than their elders, and if it is unavoidable that there should be some gloomy sleeping-rooms, let them be occupied by the grown-up members of the family who are not obliged to spend most of their time in their bedchambers.

There is no reason why the furniture of the nursery should be such as to produce a dismal effect upon a stranger entering the room. This apartment is too often converted into a depository for rickety and shabby furniture, placed there with the excuse that the children will never know the difference. But they do know in a short time, and very often feel the shabbiness about them more than their elders believe.

A nursery may be made beautiful to childish sight, and attractive even to older persons, at a small outlay. The floor-covering may be a neat ingrain carpet or a matting, with rugs laid here and there. The matting is more easily kept clean than the carpet. The only objection to it is that it is cold in winter, but as the children should never be allowed to sit directly on the floor at that time of year, this drawback is not important. The rugs may be made of breadths of carpet from one to two yards in length, hemmed or fringed at the ends, and may be placed where they will do most good—by the baby-house beside the little table, or wherever the children's favorite corners may be. A fur rug upon which the baby may roll at his ease is a great addition to a nursery, and when handsome furs are out of the question, an excellent substitute may be provided by sewing together a couple of sheepskins. These will wear an unlimited length of time.

A protest must be entered *against* permitting children to sit or lie on the floor in cold weather. More cases of influenza, croup, and lung trouble are contracted in this way than one imagines. The coldest air is always nearest the floor, and if there is a draught anywhere it is felt there. Have cushions stuffed with hair or excelsior, and covered with Turkey red, blue denim, or some other fabric that will keep clean a long time, and may be easily washed when soiled, and let the children sit on these if they want to play on the floor. Better even than these is a broad low table, around which the children may sit in their little chairs. Upon this flat surface they may arrange their toy villages and menageries, build their block houses, and play games.

If there are curtains in the room—and they would better be left out—they should be of light material, like stamped Madras or scrim, that can be taken down and shaken at least once a week. The dust they gather and hold is not good for baby lungs, and their place can be satisfactorily filled by holland shades. Weather-strips around the sides of the sashes should exclude insidious draughts.

An open fireplace is among the best ventilators one can have in the nursery, or indeed in any other room. Either a wood fire, or a coal grate will serve, although the latter is less trouble to take care of, and is less liable to throw out dangerous sparks. The fireplace should always be guarded by a wire netting, such as comes for the purpose, or else by a high nursery fender. If the room is heated by furnace or by an air-tight stove, ventilation must be sought in some other way. Children need plenty of fresh air as well as of sunshine, and nothing is worse for them than to keep them in a close, stove-warmed room. The temperature should never rise above seventy or seventy-two, and the atmosphere should be revitalized from time to time by lowering the window from the top for a few moments. The room should also be thoroughly aired night and morning.

If there is paper on the nursery walls when the house is taken, the parents should assure themselves that the room has not been used as a sick-chamber by its former occupants. If the walls are re-papered, every vestige of the old covering should first be scraped off. The new paper should be allowed to become completely dry before the children are admitted to the room.

There should be no elegant, easily injured furniture in the nursery. Low wicker rocker; two or three tables of a height to suit the chairs; one or two broad trunk lounges for the children's clothing, with stuffed tops upon which the little folks can stretch their weary limbs when tired with play; a set of shelves to hold their books; a basket or two for small toys; a doll-house and the floor cushions already described—are all that are necessary. A few chairs may be there to supply accomodations for older visitors, and if possible there should always be a cupboard or closet as a receptacle for the larger play-things.—*Harper's Bazar.*

EIGHTY BISCUITS.

"My family sometimes eat eighty biscuits at one meal," said a lady, reflectively, as she sat with some friends on a hotel piazza, looking mountain-ward.

She had left her household cares at home, and had come to the mountains for much-needed rest, but once in a while, in a group of fellow-boarders, the talk would slip away from the scenery, the grandeur and the sunsets, to the little familiar home tasks that were going to assert themselves again so soon.

"How do you make those eighty biscuits?" asked somebody, eagerly; and I am willing to confess that somebody was myself, for I had been wanting a good biscuit recipe.

I did not stop to wonder at the number, eighty, though it seemed so enormous, for I knew that the H—— family was a large one, and included five hearty men and boys among the rest.

"I make them very small," she said, laughingly, in answer to some one else's dismayed exclamation, "and we have them with our baked beans Sunday mornings. Of course the biscuits are light and delicate, or we could not eat so many."

Then turning to me, she said, "I will write the recipe out for you some day while you are here."

"And oh!" I exclaimed, "please tell me every little thing, so I cannot make a mistake!" For I was a novice then.

She kept her word, and when I came home, among the Indian baskets, the birch bark, and the pressed ferns in my trunk there lay the directions for the biscuit, brought down to a quantity proportioned to my family of four.

And here they are, just as she worded them in her thoughtfulness:

"One quart flour, one tablespoonful white sugar, one full tablespoon butter or lard, or equal quantities of each; salt; not quite half a yeast cake dissolved in warm water.

"Rub the shortening into the flour; mix with the warm water in which the yeast has been dissolved. I mix bread very stiff, but biscuit I mix softer than bread. They rise quicker and are more delicate. Set the dough in a warm place to rise. When risen, mould on a board and set in a cool place. About an hour and a half before your meal, put the dough on your board, flatten or roll it, cut out the biscuit, and set them in a warm place to rise. Be careful and not handle them more than is absolutely necessary. I take the pieces, mould them, and put them in a pan by themselves, for anything moulded takes so much longer to rise. Lard shortening makes anything more delicate, but I prefer butter. Experience will teach you more about bread and biscuit than I can. Begin early in the forenoon so that they will have time to rise for your tea. If you like rolls, use scalded milk instead of water; they are delicious. Be careful in the baking; more than half the goodness depends on that."

I followed the recipe, and use it to this day, whenever we want biscuit, but I always use the milk instead of water so they will taste like rolls. The milk has to be boiled first, to ensure the dough against souring. This recipe makes forty-five little biscuits, cut out with a good-sized napkin ring, and if broken into cards of four biscuits each, almost everybody will begin by taking four, so there will soon seem not to be so very many.—*Youth's Companion.*

WASH CLOTHS.

It is surprising how many nice homes, well furnished and nicely appointed in most ways, do not have a supply of wash cloths. There is an idea prevalent that any sort of a rag will answer the purpose—an old stocking leg, a salt bag, a piece of gauze underwear, an old napkin or piece of towel. As to the kind, I find that those which can be bought all ready in the large drygoods stores are not only too thick and rather large, but are quite expensive. Much the best way is to buy white or unbleached Turkish towelling, of a quality that costs fifty or sixty cents a yard, and cut each yard into three lengthwise strips, and each strip into four pieces. This will give you, from a yard of towelling, one dozen wash-cloths a quarter of a yard square.

These can be neatly bound with white silesia cut bias; but this mode of finishing does not compare for prettiness or agreeableness with "button-holing" them all round with red working cotton. Get a coarse cotton and put the stitches about one-half dozen to the inch. This is very good fancy-work for an evening, or is nice for the little girls to do.

If you want to make a unique and most acceptable gift to a busy housewife friend, send her a dozen wash cloths prepared in this manner.

Teach boys to use them thoroughly, rinse and hang them up properly, and you have made quite a stride in your refinement teaching. Of course, if you teach your boys this, you will not leave your girls without the lesson.

A final word about the washing of wash cloths. Have all that have been used put into the wash each week. Let them be boiled as the towels are; but do not have them ironed. If they are carefully smoothed and folded, they are better than if ironed.—*Good Housekeeping.*

THE HOUSEHOLD PURSE.

True sociologists can never cease to deplore the common custom in family life of the husband alone carrying the purse. This practice is an injustice to a frugal wife. It is discouraging to the hard-working and economical housekeeper to know that what ought to be the common purse supplies freely the husband's every desire, even his useless or vicious habits, while her own modest and entirely proper tastes, which so generally are centred upon home adornment, are churlishly denied. And a self-respecting wife must feel humiliated at being compelled to receive absolutely needed funds in small sums from a reluctant hand.

Many a man living in the plainest style would have a home made attractive by its domestic charm and artistic beauty had the little wife been allowed to spend for such purposes a little of what he has spent for his personal gratifications. There is, perhaps, no more pregnant source of marital infelicity than this same habit. It ought to be abandoned; but so long as the customs which at present antedate the married state obtain, there is little hope of any general change in those which prevail under that state. The husband simply continues to treat his wife as she has always been treated. She has never been trusted before her marriage with a stated income to spend at her own discretion. She has been accustomed to having her bills paid for her, and to live in blissful (?) ignorance of the cost of keeping house, and cannot, as a rule, be expected to develop all of a sudden a faculty which has never been educated.

While this explains, it by no means justifies the conduct of the husband. He had no right to get married without first satisfying himself that his future partner had common sense enough to entitle her to his confidence. Lack of experience is a comparatively small matter. Husband and wife could sit down together, make a careful estimate of means and expenditure and then agree that certain portions of the expenditure should be attended to by the husband and certain other portions by the wife, and that the income should be divided between them proportionately. A good margin should be laid aside whenever possible for present or future contingencies and out of this reserve fund any mistakes which might be made by either in the earlier years, through inexperience, could be rectified.

The commencement of a new year is a good time for introducing reforms, and many an unsatisfied husband can reform himself into a happy husband and recall the days of his early love by making the frank acknowledgment that half of all he possesses and of all his income belongs to the wife who has helped him to earn it and to bring up his family, and then making a liberal arrangement with her as to the proportion of income to be allotted to each and the manner in which it is to be expended.—*New York Witness.*

MENDING RUBBER BOOTS.

"Procure from a depot of rubber goods, or from a large store where such goods are found, a piece of virgin India-rubber. With a wet knife cut from it the thinnest shavings possible; with a pair of sharp shears divide the shavings into fine shreds. Fill a wide-mouthed bottle about one-tenth full of the shredded rubber. With pure benzine, guiltless of oil, fill the bottle three fourths full. The rubber in a moment will perceptibly swell if the benzine is a good article. If frequently shaken, the contents of the bottle, in a few days, will be of the consistency of honey. Should there be clots of undissolved rubber through it, add more benzine; if it be thin and watery, a moiety of rubber is needed. The unvulcanized rubber may sometimes be found at the druggist's. A pint of cement may be made from a piece of solid native rubber the size of a large hickory nut; this quantity will last a family a long time, and will be found invaluable. Three coats of it will unite, with great firmness, broken places in shoes, refractory patches and soles on rubbers; will fasten backs on books, rips in upholstery, and will render itself generally useful to the ingenious housewife, as it will dry in a very few minutes. It forms an admirable air and water-tight cement for bottles, by simply corking them and immersing the stoppers in it.—*New York Independent.*

PUZZLES—NO. 1.

PI NO. 1.

Lead hitw toranho sa 'duyo ahev,
Hereant aled tiwh ouy.
STANLEY P. CRAWFORD.

PI NO. 2.

A fost wanros hirunet yawa htwar.
STANLEY P. CRAWFORD.

SQUARES.

No. 1.—1. Hauls. 2. To revolt. 3. To wait for. 4. Wood for splitting. 5. Repose.

No. 2.—1. Watchful. 2. To bet. 3. Nimble. 4. Remains. 5. Upright.

No. 3.—1. Kingly. 2. To escape. 3. To lead. 4. A serpent. 5. Side looks. R. H. JENKINS.

BIBLE ENIGMA.

I'm in twenty, ten and two,
I'm in whither, when and who.
I'm in seven, eight and nine,
I'm in lively, light and line,
I'm in only, one and none,
I'm in ready, start and run,
I'm in coward, lad and friend,
I'm in double, break and bend,
I'm in meadow, lane and street,
I'm in garment, home and meat,
I'm in heaven, earth and sea,
I'm in gentle, good, agree,
I'm in nature, night and sin.
I'm in window, sign and inn,
I'm in forest, flower and leaf,
I'm in hermit, miser, thief,
I'm in being, life and breath,
I'm in shadow, mould and death.
HANNAH E. GREENE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 26.

SQUARE NO. 1.—P O P E
O R A L
P A L L
E L L A

CHARADE.—1. Base. 2. Ball: Whole, Baseball.

SQUARE NO. 2.—L I L A C
I R I S H
L I T H E
A S H E S
C H E S T

BIBLE ACROSTIC.—

A -LIE- N	Job 19, 15.
D —— O	Gen. 16, 6.
A- BE- A	Mark 14, 36.
M-ESSIA-H	Dan. 9, 25, John 1, 41.

The Family Circle.

MY REFUGE.

PSALMS CIV., 17-18.

To the rock flies the coney,
The stork to her nest,
When tempests are gathering
And black is the west;
So swift, by life's trials
O'erwhelmed and oppressed,
I fly to my refuge,
Jehovah my rest!

The nest, whither speedeth
The storm-beaten bird,
Aloft, on the fir-top
By tempests is stirred:
But the nest of my refuge
No storm-wind can smite;
'Tis the breast of Jehovah;
I'm safe from affright.

The rock where the coney
Securely may hide
Is set in the mountain's
Cold, pitiless side;
But the rock of my safety,
The home of my quest,
'Tis the heart of my Saviour;
How warm and how blest!

Then blow, thou wild tempest,
I fear not thy might;
Though blackly thou lowerest,
My prospect is bright:
Jehovah, my Saviour,
I fly to thy breast.
Dear rock of my refuge!
Dear sheltering nest!

—Alice Boise Wood in Gospel Age.

BESSIE'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

Bessie Hart sat by the attic window hemming a bit of gray tissue. It was a veil, to be worn the very next day on a journey. The little gable room was Bessie's own. It was a narrow place, but wide enough for the fledging of hopes and dreams, many of which had flown out of the window and far away; even over seas. Just now it was in a sort of pleasant disorder. On the little bed lay a neat travelling dress, jaunty hat, wrap and gloves. Across two chairs rested the tray of a trunk, getting packed by degrees. The void whence the tray had been taken yawned suggestively. A chair back was laden with various articles of dress; and on the little bureau, or rather chest of drawers, were boxes containing handkerchiefs and a small amount of girlish finery. These preparations, be it known, represented very limited means; for Bessie was the daughter of a farmer, living on land of which Westerners say: "The sheep's noses have to be sharpened to get at the grass." Many a graceful, "stylish" girl grows up with these same sheep; bare-footed it may be, sunburned she is sure to be, shy, gypsyish as a little girl, but suddenly turning into something as pretty, refined and fresh as the pink arbutus in her father's woods. Of this not uncommon type was Bessie. Such girls are apt to have fathers college-bred, and mothers once as delicate and graceful as themselves. These fathers and mothers come after a while to merge all their hopes and ambitions in their children's future. So it was in Bessie's home, and only by many economies was she fitted out for her trip to the mountains; for that was the delightful reason for the trunk-packing, the travelling dress, and the general stirred-up appearance of the attic room. With taste that would have done credit to a French modiste the pretty gown *a voyage* had been fashioned from one little worn belonging to the mother. The hat was home-trimmed, in imitation of a fashionable model just from town, worn by a girl who could afford as many and as handsome hats as she pleased; and so on through the wardrobe, the mother helping, planning, giving up, smoothing difficulties, till the daughter was almost ready for the long-anticipated trip.

It was a good fairy of an aunt who was to be the chaperon and purse-bearer, adding to the outfit a flowery India silk, that set Bessie dancing about the room in triumph when it was received.

"I'm glad my hands are small and pretty," thought Bessie, as she made long runs through the gauzy stuff. "That's a sign of ladyhood." Then she fell to dreaming about the new scenes and experiences just ahead, a smile making dimples about her pretty mouth. The last stitch was taken in the veil, and the girl was folding it rather dreamily, when there came a sound from the room below as of some heavy body falling. Bessie knew that her mother had been putting up scrim curtains in that room a short time before. Fearing, she knew not what, the girl rushed down the attic stairs, to find her mother lying unconscious by an overturned chair. Luckily, a little brother was not far away. He was sent instantly for a doctor; then Bessie set to work to bring back the life that she thought, with an awful fear, might be past recovery. When the doctor arrived, the patient had opened her eyes. In a little while she seemed as well as ever, excepting that she was a little languid.

"You are not to think of giving up your mountain trip, Bessie," said she at the tea-table. "I ought to have let your father put up those curtains. I was faint, and lost my balance; that was all."

"Ought I to go, father?" asked Bessie.

"I don't like to decide for you," said Mr. Hart. "In this case I shall leave the matter to your own judgment."

Bessie slipped away in the evening, and visited the doctor.

"Heart trouble," said he. "But your mother is likely to live to a good old age. Don't be frightened."

Aunt Hart decided that Mary Ann Jones should be engaged to stay with Mrs. Hart while Bessie was away.

"Oughtn't you to stay at home, child? Nonsense! The case is no different since your mother's attack. She has had those spells for years,—though not lately,—the last one was when you were away at school; we didn't tell you anything about it."

But the girl was not satisfied. "Stay," said a soft, pleading voice in her heart. She went to her room resolved to listen to it; but there were the trunk, the travelling costume, the lovely silk dress left unfolded till the last moment, the pretty trifles on the bureau. The wish for the fascinating outing came back with full force. Aunty ought to know what was best. Her mother did not need her. Mary Ann Jones would do all the work. Yes, she would go. Only she wished her father would say one thing or another. She thought she could go with a good conscience if he would give his full consent. However, she finished her packing, made the last preparations, and went to bed early, for the train left the station nearest the farm at eight o'clock in the morning.

At breakfast her mother was bright and cheery. There was the usual color in her cheeks, and she would not listen to any suggestion of giving up the trip.

So Bessie started, and was soon absorbed with the delight of travelling through new scenes, on a fresh, dewy, temperate July morning. Never in all her life had she been farther from home than the next town, from whose high school she had graduated. As fresh as the morning were her unworn sensations. She was glad to be young, glad to be pretty, as her mirror told her she was, glad to be going somewhere, and especially glad that that somewhere were the wonderful, dreamed-of, enchanting hills. She meant to tramp, to climb, to ride and drive. Aunty Hart had money, and would not stint the good time she had undertaken. And her father had promised to send a bulletin from home every day, so that she should not feel too anxious about her mother. More than one occupant of their car noticed the fresh face and the girlish figure. Her newness to life was as unmistakable as are April violets. Her childish pleasure in the journey brought smiles to faces worn with ennui; and more than one faded, discontented woman, with great diamonds at her ears, envied the happy youthfulness that clung to Bessie, as fragrance to the rose.

That night the travellers slept in Boston. Bessie went to bed thinking of her mother, and quite naturally dreamed of her. But the dream troubled her, it was so realistic. She saw her mother, in her vision, pale, anxious, worn, and heard her call, "Bessie! Bessie!" in distinct tones. At the early breakfast the dream was told by the dreamer, and pooh-poohed by the aunt.

"Aunty," said Bessie, "I have been thinking, ever since I woke up, of something that grandfather said to me when he was at our house last winter."

"Your grandfather is eccentric and old-fashioned" was the reply.

"He told me," continued Bessie, "that all through my life opportunities would come to me; but that just now was my opportunity to be *good to mother*."

At eight o'clock our travellers were seated in their car, bound mountain-ward. By many an historic place they steamed, and as the names were called out by the grimy brakeman, Bessie longed to stay a while in each, and prowl about to her heart's content.

"Some day I hope I can go where I please," she said to her companion.

"Then you must give up your romantic notions," was the reply, "be sensible, and take the good things that come in your way. I don't altogether approve of your bringing up."

The last phrase brought her home vividly to Bessie's mind; all its sacrifices, its refined poverty, its lessons of noble idealism. How much had been given up that she might have an easier life than father and mother had. She glanced at the little hand lying in her lap. She remembered other hands made hard and unshapely by toil. Again she grew uneasy about her mother. As she looked from the window at the wide, level meadows through which they were flying, seeing, with the inward eye, the stony home farm, there came suddenly a queer scraping sound; then a jounce, jounce, jounce, and the car stopped. The gentlemen hurried out to see what was the matter. The ladies, with anxious looks, waited for news. The report soon came back that a wheel was broken.

"Bad luck so soon," said Bessie. "O aunty, I wish I hadn't come. I ought to have stayed with mother. I know father wanted me to stay."

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Hart. "If I had known you were such a hand to make mountains of mole-hills, I am not sure I should have offered to take you with me."

There would be a delay of an hour or more, a gentleman said to his wife, coming in from among the train hands. These two sat directly in front of Mrs. Hart and her niece. A sweet, pathetic face had the lady. As she turned to answer a remark of Mrs. Hart's, Bessie saw that her eyes were red, as if from recent tears. The little party soon became better acquainted, and at last left the car together, to stroll about till it should be time to go on.

"My wife feels this delay," said the gentleman to Bessie, the lady being some distance away, talking to Mrs. Hart; "she is going home to her mother's funeral. I am afraid we shall be too late."

The words fell like a warning upon the girl's sensitive heart. Going to her aunt, presently, she said:

"Aunty, I'm going home on the next Boston train. I can walk back to the nearest station. It's only a little way."

"Child, what a trial you are! Bessie, this lady is Mrs. Church. She is acquainted with friends of mine in Providence."

The lady bowed and smiled—such a sad smile.

"Now," said Mrs. Hart, "I'm going to tell Mrs. Church the exact circumstances, and see what she says."

Thereupon the circumstances were told.

"Now, do you think this foolish girl ought to go back?" asked Aunt Hart.

The lady's lip quivered. "Not two weeks ago," said she, "I left my mother against my will. She had been ill, but was pronounced out of danger. I am now on my way to her funeral."

"Oh, Mrs. Church! O Aunty! Wait. I am going into the car to get my things. I shall start directly back to the station. I can get home before night; and I will take a hack to the Providence Depot. I can manage alone."

She ran into the car, came out in half a minute with shawl and hand-bag, flushed and restless and eager.

"Let her go," said Mrs. Church, laying her hand on Mrs. Hart's arm. "Don't say a word to discourage her. Her daughterly instincts are truer than your philosophy."

Mrs. Hart yielded, but would not let Bessie go alone to the station.

"I can take the next train," she said. "I will go with you and wait."

Mrs. Church put her card into Bessie's hand, at parting.

"I should be glad to have you visit me," she said, with emphasis, "very glad. I have no daughter. Your mother is fortunate."

Bessie fled homeward as fast as steam would carry her. She arrived at the little home station at five o'clock. A neighbor's boy had just driven up to the platform.

"Golly! ef there ain't Bess Hart back again. Did ye hear the news?" exclaimed the youngster.

"What news?" asked Bessie, losing her color suddenly.

"That yer father 'd got throwed along o' that fiery colt o' hisn. Don't look so white. Wasn't no bones broke, the doctor says. But he's dreadfully jounced up; might 'a' ben somethin' put out o' jint, furzino."

Bessie was in the waggon before the speech was finished, demanding to be taken home.

"But I've got to go arrantin' for mother," said the boy.

"Take me home and I'll give you a dollar—five dollars if you say so."

"One's enough," said the boy, climbing into his crazy vehicle with alacrity. "I can get some fishin' tackle, now. Hurrah!"

This unsympathetic remark was not heard by the anxious girl. She caught the whip and gave the bony white beast a tremendous whack, that sent him rushing along the road in dizzy abandon.

"In a hurry, be ye!" said the boy. "Well, my horse has got speed, though he don't generally show it. Get up, Whitey!"

Whitey did wonders, and Bessie rushed into the kitchen just as Mary Ann Jones, laden with toast and tea, was starting to carry supper to the invalid. She let the waiter fall, in her astonishment. The crash brought Mrs. Hart from the bed-room.

"Bessie! I'm so glad you're here!" and the mother laid her hand on her heart, as if to stop its wild fluttering.

That evening the doctor said: "It's well you came. They wouldn't send for you; persisted in refusing. But there's a long job of nursing on, and your mother isn't fit for such work. I wouldn't answer for the consequences if she understood it."

"It's my opportunity," said Bessie, softly, as the doctor went out.

Mrs. Church did not forget the girl who was faithful to her mother. The next winter there came an invitation for mother and daughter to visit her in her Boston home, couched in such terms as made it easy for them to accept. The friendship thus formed resulted in much pleasure to the elders, as well as in opportunities to Bessie, that were not in all cases opportunities for self-denial.

MANNERS AT TABLE.

The time for acquiring good table manners is during childhood, and at home. Years at boarding-school, hours spent over books of social etiquette, may efface vulgar habits, but can never give the ease and grace acquired in childhood at a well-ordered table. A child who is almost a baby can be taught to handle his knife and fork, or spoon if he is too young for those more advanced implements, with a daintiness that will offend no one. Where there are children it is not a good plan to have a wide difference between your every-day and company china, silver and napery. There is too apt to be a wide difference also between every-day and company manners. Let each child have his cover as nicely laid with plate, knife and fork, spoon, napkin and glass as his elders, and remember that he will be sure to note your own use of these articles. Teach him to say "Thank you," and "please," and if he is allowed to leave the table before the meal is ended let him learn to say "Excuse me." We were very much amused at a baby of four summers who recently dined at our table. The meal, interspersed with interesting conversation, was tedious to his infant appetite and intellect, and finally the little man spoke up with, "May I be excused, please? I have enjoyed my dinner very much." Some one at the table—not his father—remarked that that boy bade fair to be "the finest gentleman in America."—*American Agriculturist.*

THE LATE REV. A. N. SOMERVILLE, D.D.

No man of recent times, be he minister or layman, missionary or traveller, has, we should think, preached the Gospel in so many lands, and to people of so many tongues, as did Rev. Dr. A. N. Somerville during his fruitful career.

He was long spared, says the *Christian*, from which this sketch is taken, to fulfil the trust committed to him, having reached his seventy-seventh year; but it might almost be said of him, as of Moses of old, that "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated."

In character Dr. Somerville was pre-eminently a man of strong convictions, and never was courage lacking to make them known. The share he took in the Disruption, in 1843, is a matter of history. His mind once made up, nothing could shake it. This characteristic was equally prominent in his foreign work. No contrary counsel from well-meaning friends could change his purpose, and very seldom did his judgment prove at fault. He possessed boundless enthusiasm; whatever he did was done heartily, as to the Lord. Being endowed with remarkable strength of body, he did not spare himself; even his holidays were times of service. Such activity marked his movements that even in his seventieth year he was compared to a youthful assistant (who at that time accompanied him on one of his missions) as "the younger man of the two," notwithstanding that he was nearly fifty years the senior. In 1848, when a bad throat compelled cessation from his regular work, he was found visiting Palestine, Egypt, and Constantinople, storing his mind for future ministry; and thirty years later he could not forbear ascending the Great Pyramid for the second time. But though generally strong, he suffered severely at times, and had dangerous illnesses, both on his Australian and South African campaigns. Throughout all his travels he strictly eschewed alcohol and tobacco in every form, and to this was, no doubt, largely due the strength of his constitution.

The following fact in connection with his early years is of interest. He, in company with his student-friends, McCheyne and the brothers Bonar, would repair to Arthur's Seat, whence each in turn would preach to his companions, afterwards submitting to the most rigorous criticism from them as to his subject-matter, style, and mode of delivery.

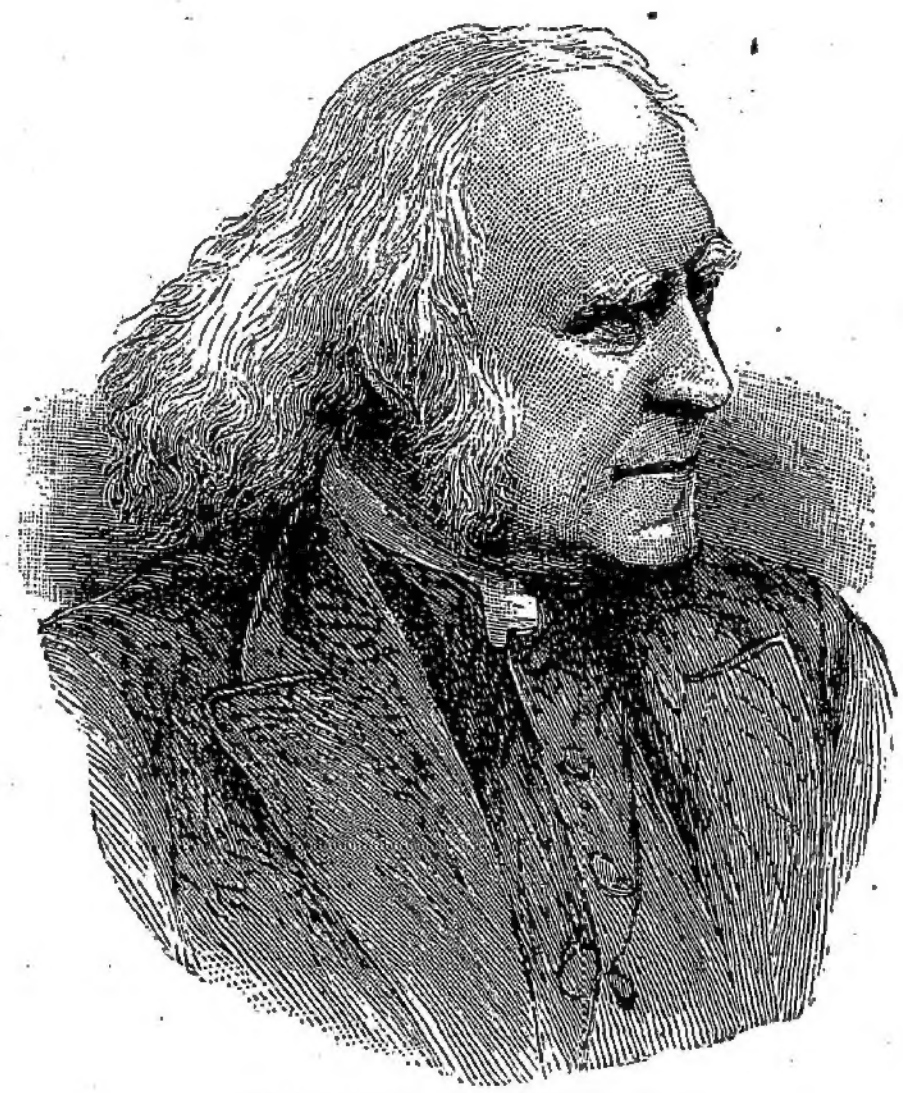
Dr. Somerville gladly joined in special revival effort. In 1839, during the Kilsyth awakening, Rev. Wm. C. Burns, afterwards of China, deputed him on one occasion to commence a meeting to which he himself would follow when he had first preached in another chapel. Nine, ten, and even eleven o'clock came before Mr. Burns arrived. Meantime, Mr. Somerville had given three addresses upon Rev. i. 5, 6. He would not leave his post until his friend arrived, and the audience, well content to listen to the enthusiastic young preacher, were loth to disperse. During this revival his church was open every night, but Saturday, for three months; and again for eleven months during the great revival of 1859-60. He also entered warmly into the work of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Glasgow.

His interest in Christian work was threefold: in that within the area of his own church; in home mission work beyond its pale; and in the foreign field; and he rested not until he had participated in each. In 1860 he founded an agency for female rescue. He was Secretary of the old Glasgow Bible Society, and was one of those who drew up the first sketch of the constitution of the present National Bible Society of Scotland, which was an amalgamation of various societies then existing. He also originated a scheme for sending twenty thousand entire Bibles out to China. His interest in Bible work led him to adopt the plan of distributing portions at many of his meetings, on the Continent and elsewhere.

Next, his aid was lent to a mission at Leghorn; then he warmly espoused the cause of Christ in Spain, and made several visits to that country, becoming a staunch friend of Matamoros. In 1870 he drew up a confession of faith for the use of Spanish Protestants.

That he was honored by his own denomination is shown by the fact that almost immediately after the Disruption he was selected as a deputy of the Free Church to plead its cause in London and various English cities; two years later he was sent by the General Assembly of that Church to Canada; the following year to Shetland; and, finally, in 1886, he was called to the Moderatorship of the Free Church General Assembly. He twice visited Canada; first at the Disruption, and then at the union of all the Presbyterian churches in the Dominion.

Then, too, he was honored by other sections of the Church of God, and this was due to his own large-heartedness and love for all those who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. In fact, it was this that led to the giving up of his church, of which he had been pastor nearly forty years; for when, in 1877, the Glasgow United Evangelistic Association (which drew its members from various communities) invited him to undertake systematic evangelistic tours abroad, such was the confidence reposed in him that he was left free to choose his own fields, times, and methods. Another memorable occasion was in May last, when he appeared at the General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland to speak on behalf of the mission to the Jews which that Church sustains. The hall was



THE LATE REV. A. N. SOMERVILLE, D.D.

crowded, and as Dr. Somerville entered the audience rose *en masse*. There is, we believe, only one other occasion recorded of a Free Church minister speaking in the Established Assembly since the Disruption, and the movement was a spontaneous and generous impulse of respect.

This same large-hearted charity characterized all his missions abroad. Wherever he went he endeavored to work with ministers of all evangelical churches, and to get them to work with each other. In Melbourne it was in response to a requisition signed by fifty ministers of different denominations, and at Constantinople at the request of thirty-four, that he conducted a special communion service in each of those places. At the former no less than four thousand persons sat down to commemorate the Lord's death.

Dr. Somerville was especially a friend of Israel. In various Continental cities, including Berlin, St. Petersburg, Rome, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Grosswardein (Hungary), Bucharest, and at Kimberly in South Africa, he addressed large audiences of Jews. At Smyrna, Constantinople, and Thessalonica he also had especially interesting gatherings for them, his addresses being interpreted into Judeo-Spanish.

As a preacher Dr. Somerville was particularly attractive; his language was choice, his delivery animated—at times even dramatic—and his subject-matter especially good. Often was he met by persons who had heard him years before, who remembered text, subject, and even outline of his discourse. In Canada he met one person who could do so after an interval of thirty-one years. His addresses abounded with illustration, and this, together with his descriptive faculty, riveted the attention of his audience to a degree which even the process of interpretation failed to diminish. Short sentences or phrases, translated quickly and with equal brevity, were the distinguishing features of these addresses, and the audience had no time to be weary, so rapidly did words in their own tongue follow those of the foreigner. In France alone Dr. Somerville had twenty interpreters, and during his travels his addresses were interpreted into no less than twenty-five different languages. Indeed, in South Africa three languages were used at one meeting. On this tour he was the means of a revival among the Dutch churches of Natal which spread to the Kaffirs.

A good choir, and plenty of singing, were also strong points, and it was no uncommon thing for a great portion of the audience to tarry long after the meeting had been dismissed, to hear the hymns (translations of Songs and Solos), which were quite new to them. The Doctor carefully eschewed controversy, and, by a judicious avoidance of any terms which might provoke it, declared the truth of the Gospel without stirring up strife. His general experience was that everywhere the people—Jew or Gentile, Greek or Turk, Kafir or Hindoo—were attracted to the proclamation of the good news of God's love to men.

The meetings were attended by all classes. It must not be inferred, however, that opposition was never encountered. The clergy often objected strongly to the use of secular halls, and especially theatres, for religious purposes. But these were often the only buildings capable of accommodating the people; hence the necessity of utilizing them. It is gratifying to learn that in some places where the pastors were particularly adverse to this, they are now actually adopting the same methods themselves with most satisfactory results.

But the opposition occasionally assumed a more serious character. At Palermo a man provided himself with potatoes and onions with which to discomfit the preacher; at Elberfeld the Doctor received a letter which contained a threat to shoot him; at Saragossa he was stoned; and at the Pillars of Jupitar (Athens) a turbulent mob created a disturbance, at the instigation of a priest, who harangued the crowd from an adjacent elevation. Stones were thrown amid cries of "Down with him!" with the result that the interpreter received a severe wound on the head. This was the only occasion on which Dr. Somerville found it necessary to abandon a meeting, which he did under an escort of soldiers with fixed bayonets. At Rome he had a curious experience. Posters denouncing the meetings were to be seen on every hoarding in the city; the press denounced the work; and among other caricatures was one especially elaborate cartoon. In *somar*, the Italian for an ass, was noted a resemblance to Dr. Somerville's name, and the artist represented him as that animal, in a swallow-tailed coat, discoursing with his interpreter at his side similarly dressed, to a company of his fellows, and surrounded by a choir of the same. Here his success in securing the theatre, after it had been refused, was due to the sudden illness of the prima donna, the manager gladly availing himself of a better excuse for postponing the advertised play. In another town an advertisement of a meeting was refused by the editor of a journal (who was a Roman Catholic priest), but he attended the meeting, and was so pleased that he offered to insert the advertisement free of charge daily as long as the Doctor remained in the town. But being obliged to pass on to another the following morning, the kind offer could not be accepted. The priest, however, begged a copy of the tune-book from which the hymns had been sung, which request was readily granted.

In the midst of his abundant labors Dr. Somerville did not forget the children. Seldom were meetings in any foreign town concluded without at least one especial gathering for the little ones, whose attention, by his bright face and happy method of teaching, he never failed to secure and hold.

Dr. Somerville thoroughly realized the importance of Young Men's Christian Associations, and was the means of establishing not a few. One of the most important of these was that at Bombay, which is still in a flourishing condition. Ladies' Associations for the care of young women were also set up in several cities. He was also a wonderfully successful money raiser; while visiting Australia, at Christ church £890 was raised at one meeting for the local Y.M.C.A., and at Dunedin £1,133 for a similar object.

In India the Doctor was favorably impressed with the educational work of the missionaries, but felt that more provision should be made to meet the directly spiritual needs of the people. Hence, he advocated that two additional missionaries should be placed at each station to undertake the exclusive work of Gospel preaching. There is no doubt that the adoption of such a plan would obviate much of the weakness which at present seems to exist in this respect.

As Moderator of Assembly he paid a visit to all the Free Church communities in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. This occupied him from July, 1886, till May of the following year, with occasional brief intervals of rest. Even now intelligence is from time to time received of the lasting fruit accruing from that arduous but successful campaign. In 1887 and 1888 he also visited Austria, Bohemia, and Hungary with much attendant blessing.

At his funeral there were present representatives from China, India, Constantinople, Asia Minor, Russia, New York, Canada, and North Africa, besides seven of the gentlemen who had been his companions on one or other of his evangelistic tours.

And now his work is done. And yet not done, for "he, being dead, yet speaketh," and large numbers are now leading others to Christ who were themselves led by him. But what is to be the practical outcome of such a life? Is it merely to excite admiration? Nay, rather, will not some one take up his mantle, and, in the power of God, follow his lead? Here was one, at advanced age, often suffering, unable to speak any language but his own, who, at the bidding of his Master, went forth in the assurance that "all things are possible to him that believeth." The harvest is plenteous; who will enter the field?

THE PEARL PRINCESS.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

And once there lived a Princess
  In her palace by the sea;
Was plain of face and scant of grace,
  Though a royal dower had she.

But friends nor lovers came her near,
  For all her store of gold:
None loved a dame so ugly-faced
  And bitter-tongued and cold.

The Princess leant from her sea window
  One fair and sunny day,
And saw a little fisher-boat
  Below at anchor lay.

And in the boat the fisher sat,
  A holding up to sight
A pearl that flickered like a lamp
  With green and rosy light.

"Pull quickly in, O fisherman,
  And give that pearl to me."
"Not so, O Princess proud and cold,
  Until the price I see.

"Give me your palace, gold and lands,
  The titled name you bear,
And go you forth a beggar maid,
  With naught but rags to wear."

Before the Princess' eyes there flashed
  Pearl colors green and red;
Then "Take it all, O fisherman,
  And bring the pearl," she said.

"Yet ask I more," the fisher called,
  "Before the pearl I bring:
Give me the love that's given thee
  By some fond living thing."

"In all the world, O fisherman,
  No living thing loves me,
Save the dog that guards my palace gate,
  And I'll sell him not to thee."

The fisher swung his boat about;
  The Princess wept in her bower;
The dog that kept the palace gate
  Came whining to the door;

And in his mouth he had the pearl,
  A-bringing like a bone,
It was as if a lovely lamp
  Through all the palace shone.

The Princess 'mongst her maidens stood
  With the pearl upon her breast,
And all her sweet and tender face
  A loving soul expressed.

For the pearl-light o'er her features played,
  And made them soft and fair,
And the pearl-light turned her harsh dun locks
  To radiant golden hair.

And ever after, so it runs,
  The legend quaint and old—
She was beloved in all the land,
  Held fairer than her gold.

She wedded with a splendid knight;
  And when for bridal drest,
None were as angel-fair as she,
  With the pearl upon her breast.

—*Harper's Young People.*

THE BIRD'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

CHAPTER VI.—*(Continued.)*

"Bet yer life I can!" said Peter, who had kept one servant busily employed ever since he sat down; for, luckily, no one was asked by Uncle Jack whether he would have a second helping, but the dishes were quietly passed under their noses, and not a single Ruggles refused anything that was offered him, even unto the seventh time. Then, when Carol and Uncle Jack perceived that more turkey was a physical impossibility, the meats were taken off and the dessert was brought in—a dessert that would have frightened a strong man after such a dinner as had preceded it. Not so the Ruggleses—for a strong man is nothing to a small boy—and they kindled to the dessert as if the turkey had been a dream and the six vegetables an optical delusion. There was plum-pudding, mince-pie, and ice-cream, and there were nuts, and raisins, and oranges. Kitty chose ice-cream, explaining that she knew it "by sight," but hadn't never tasted none; but all the rest took the entire variety, without any regard to consequences.

"My dear child," whispered Uncle Jack, as he took Carol an orange, "there is no doubt about the necessity of this feast, but I do advise you after this to have them twice a year, or quarterly, perhaps, for the way they eat is positively dangerous; I assure you I tremble for that Peoria. I'm going to run races with her after dinner."

"Never mind," laughed Carol, "let them eat for once; it does my heart good to see them, and they shall come oftener next year."

The feast being over, the Ruggleses lay back in their chairs languidly, and the table was cleared in a trice; then a door was opened into the next room, and there, in a corner facing Carol's bed, which had been wheeled as close as possible, stood the brilliantly lighted Christmas-tree, glittering with gilded walnuts and tiny silver balloons, and wreathed with snowy chains of pop-corn. The presents had been bought mostly with Carol's story money, and were selected after long consultations with Mrs. Bird. Each girl had a blue knitted hood, and each boy a red crocheted comforter, all made by Mamma, Carol and Elfrida ("because if you buy everything, it doesn't show so much love," said Carol). Then every girl had a pretty plaid dress of a different color, and every boy a warm coat of the right size. Here the useful presents stopped, and they were quite enough; but Carol had pleaded to give them something "for fun." "I know they need the clothes," she had said, when they were talking over the matter just after Thanksgiving, "but they don't care much for them, after all. Now, Papa, won't you please let me go without part of my presents this year, and give me the money they would cost, to buy something to amuse them?"

"You can have both," said Mr. Bird, promptly; "is there any need of my little girl's going without her Christmas, I should like to know? Spend all the money you like."

"But that isn't the thing," objected Carol, nestling close to her father; "it wouldn't be mine. What is the use? Haven't I almost everything already, and am I not the happiest girl in the world this year, with Uncle Jack and Donald at home? Now, Papa, you know very well it is more blessed to give than to receive; then why won't you let me do it? You never look half as happy when you are getting your presents as when you are giving us ours. Now, Papa, submit, or I shall have to be very firm and disagreeable with you!"

"Very well, your Highness, I surrender."

"That's a dear Papa! Now, what were you going to give me? Confess!"

"A bronze figure of Santa Claus; and in the little round belly, that shakes when he laughs, like a bowl full of jelly, is a wonderful clock. Oh, you would never give it up if you could see it."

"Nonsense," laughed Carol; "as I never have to get up to breakfast, nor go to bed, nor catch trains, I think my old clock will do very well! Now, Mamma, what were you going to give me?"

"Oh, I hadn't decided. A few more books, and a gold thimble, and a smelling-bottle, and a music-box."

"Poor Carol," laughed the child, merrily, "she can afford to give up these lovely things, for there will still be left Uncle Jack, and Donald, and Paul, and Hugh, and Uncle Rob, and Aunt Elsie, and a dozen other people."

So Carol had her way, as she generally did, but it was usually a good way, which was fortunate under the circumstances; and Sarah Maud had a set of Miss Alcott's books, and Peter a modest silver watch, Cornelius a tool-chest, Clement a dog-house for his "lame puppy," Larry a magnificent Noah's ark, and each of the little girls a beautiful doll. You can well believe that everybody was very merry and very thankful. All the family, from Mr. Bird down to the cook, said they had never seen so much happiness in the space of three hours; but it had to end, as all things do. The candles flickered and went out, the tree was left alone with its gilded ornaments, and Mrs. Bird sent the children down stairs at half-past eight, thinking that Carol looked tired.

"Oh, wasn't it a lovely, lovely time," sighed Carol. "From first to last, everything was just right. I shall never forget Larry's face when he looked at the turkey; nor Peter's, when he saw his watch; nor that sweet, sweet Kitty's smile when she kissed her dolly; nor the tears in poor, dull Sarah Maud's eyes when she thanked me for her books; nor——"

"But we mustn't talk any longer about it to-night," said Mrs. Bird, anxiously; "you are too tired, dear."

"I am not so very tired, Mamma. I have felt well all day; not a bit of pain anywhere. Perhaps this has done me good."

"Perhaps; I hope so. There was no noise or confusion; it was just a merry time. Now, may I close the door and leave you alone? I will steal in softly the first thing in the morning, and see if you are all right; but I think you need to be quiet."

"Oh, I'm willing to stay alone; but I am not sleepy yet, and I am going to hear the music by-and-by, you know."

"Yes, I have opened the window a little and put the screen in front of it, so that you will not feel the air."

"Can I have the shutters open; and won't you turn my bed a little, please? This morning I woke ever so early, and one bright beautiful star shone in that eastern window. I never saw it before, and I thought of the Star in the East, that guided the wise men to the place where Jesus was. Good night, Mamma. Such a happy, happy day!"

"Good night, my precious little Christmas Carol—mother's blessed Christmas child."

"Bend your head a minute, mother dear," whispered Carol, calling her mother back. "Mamma, dear, I do think that we have kept Christ's birthday this time just as he would like it. Don't you?"

"I am sure of it," said Mrs. Bird, softly.

(To be Continued.)

THE BIRD'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

(Concluded.)

VII.—THE BIRDLING FLIES AWAY.

The Ruggleses had finished a last romp in the library with Paul and Hugh, and Uncle Jack had taken them home, and stayed a while to chat with Mrs. Ruggles, who opened the door for them, her face all aglow with excitement and delight. When Kitty and Clem showed her the oranges and nuts they had kept for her, she astonished them by saying that at six o'clock Mrs. Bird had sent her in the finest dinner she had ever seen in her life; and not only that, but a piece of dress-goods that must have cost a dollar a yard if it cost a cent. As Uncle Jack went down the little porch he looked back into the window for a last glimpse of the family, as the children gathered about their mother, showing their beautiful presents again and again, and then upward to a window in the great house yonder. "A little child shall lead them," he thought; "well, if —— if anything ever happens to Carol, I will take the Ruggleses under my wing."

"Softly, Uncle Jack," whispered the boys, as he walked into the library a little while later; "We are listening to the music in the church. They sang 'Carol, brothers, carol,' a while ago, and now we think the organist is beginning to play 'My ain countree' for Carol."

"I hope she hears it," said Mrs. Bird; "but they are very late to-night, and I dare not speak to her, lest she should be asleep. It is after ten o'clock."

The boy-soprano, clad in white surplice, stood in the organ loft. The lamp shone full upon his crown of fair hair, and his pale face, with its serious blue eyes, looked paler than usual. Perhaps it was something in the tender thrill of the voice, or in the sweet words, but there were tears in many eyes, both in the church and in the great house next door.

"I am far frae my hame,
I am weary aften whiles
For the langest for hame-bringin
An' my Faether's welcome smiles,
An' I'll ne'er be fu' content,
Until my e'en do see
The gowden gates o' heaven
In my ain countree.

The earth is decked wi' flow'rs,
Mony tinted, fresh an' gay,
An' the birdies warble blythely,
For my Faether made them sae;
For these sights an' these soun's
Will as naething be to me,
When I hear the angels singin'
In my ain countree.

Like a bairn to its mither,
A wee birdie to its nest,
I fain would be ganglin' noo
Unto my Faether's breast;
For he gathers in his arms
Helpless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them Himsel'
To his ain countree."

There were tears in many eyes, but not in Carol's. The loving heart had quietly ceased to beat and the "wee birdie" in the great house had flown to its "home nest." Carol had fallen asleep! But as to the song, I think perhaps, I cannot say, she heard it after all!

* * * * * * *

So sad an ending to a happy day! Perhaps—to those who were left—and yet Carol's mother, even in the freshness of her grief, was glad that her darling had slipped away on the loveliest day of her life, out of its glad content, into everlasting peace.

She was glad that she had gone, as she had come, on wings of song, when all the world was brimming over with joy; glad of every grateful smile, of every joyous burst of laughter, of every loving thought and word and deed the dear, last day had brought.

Sadness reigned, it is true, in the little house behind the garden; and one day poor Sarah Maud, with a courage born of despair, threw on her hood and shawl, walked straight to a certain house a mile away, dashed up the marble steps and into good Dr. Bartol's office, falling at his feet as she cried, "Oh, sir, it was me an' our childern that went to Miss Carol's last dinner party, an' if we made her worse we can't never be happy again!" Then the kind old gentleman took her rough hand in his and told her to dry her tears, for neither she nor any of her flock had hastened Carol's flight—indeed, he said that had it not been for the strong hopes and wishes that filled her tired heart, she could not have stayed long enough to keep that last merry Christmas with her dear ones.

And so the old years, fraught with memories, die, one after another, and the new years, bright with hopes, are born to take their places; but Carol lives again in every chime of Christmas bells that peal glad tidings and in every Christmas anthem sung by childish voices.

THE END.

"MY AIN COUNTREE."

A FROLIC WITH THE LONG NAME.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"There's no fun like a picnic!" declared Allie.

"No, indeed," agreed her friend Lulu; "there's nothing in the world like being out under the trees, and picking wild flowers, and hearing the birds sing."

"Where are you going, little girls?" some one asked the six little lasses, who came in a group, each one wearing a big shade hat and a very bright smile, and carrying a basket.

"Oh, we're going on a picnic!"

"Just a little bit of a picnic!"

"Just we six!"

"And we've got lunches in our baskets—"

"And a little bit of sewing for our dolls, to do when we're tired, and all sit down together."

They passed a poor-looking little house, and saw a poor-looking little girl, who gazed wistfully after them as they went on.

"Let's ask Nanny to go,—couldn't we?" whispered Lulu, in a rather doubtful tone, as if she hardly dared to propose it.

"Oh! I think it would be nicer to be by ourselves," said Patty. "She isn't used to going with us."

"She isn't used to going with anybody,—she or Bessy; and I guess it's because they're poor," said Allie. "And I think it's too bad. I wouldn't like to be left out of things if I was poor."

"We've got lunch enough to give her some," said Elsy.

"Plenty!" said Allie. "Nanny," she cried, running back to her, "wouldn't you like to come over to the woods to our picnic?"

"Yes, I'd like to," said Nanny; "but I can't leave Bessy."

"Can't Bessy come too!"

"No; she can't walk. She fell down a week ago, when she was carrying some hot water, and scalded her foot, and she has to sit still all the time."

"That's too bad," said Allie.

"It's very nice of you to ask me," said Nanny, as the girls walked on.

"O dear!" said Lulu, "how dreadful it must be to have to keep still on such a fine day."

"Let's go in and see Bessy for just a few minutes," said Amy.

There was a little discussion about it, but they finally turned back toward the poor little house.

"I tell you what let's do," said Allie; "s'posen we go and have our picnic with Bessy."

"A picnic in a house!" exclaimed Hatty.

"Yes; why not? Just think how glad it would make Bessy."

"And we could have our lunch for supper, and play it was a party," said Amy.

"So we could," said Lulu. "Do let us do it, girls."

A picnic in a poor-looking little house did not seem half so pleasant as one out in the woods, but no one had the heart to say so when they came in sight of Bessy's window and saw her pale little face looking out. She could scarcely believe they really meant to come in, and she and Nanny were in a delightful little flutter about there being chairs enough for them all.

But they were soon seated, and then began plenty of merry little chat as the pretty doll work was taken from the baskets.

"Let's all make something for Bessy's doll," whispered Allie to her next neighbor.

The word soon went round, and was answered with little nods and winks of agreement. After an hour of sewing, the work was set aside, and they played games in which Bessy could join until the poor little room rang with shouts and laughter as it surely never had rung before. It was surprising how fast that afternoon flew away. Every one was astonished when six o'clock came.

"Time for supper!" said Lulu.

And then each little girl went to where they had left their baskets in the little entry.

If Bessy had felt surprised at the arrival of such a bevy of bright-faced little visitors, what did she feel when those baskets were opened?

"No; you're not to bother getting plates and things, Nanny!" insisted Allie. "This is a picnic, and they never have things proper and regular at picnics. We're going to put these things on our basket-covers, and gather close around Bessy's cot."

Lulu took from her basket some gayly-colored Japanese napkins, and then the feast was passed around,—sandwiches, and jelly, and gingerbread, and sweet crackers, and bananas, and little round cakes with frosting on them; and plenty for the two who had not been expected to share in them, and enough left over for Bessy's breakfast the next morning.

"I don't know what made you so kind, coming to see me," said Bessy, when they wished her good-by.

"I guess it was because Allie remembered about little children loving one another," said Hatty, in a half-whisper.

"Wait! wait!" cried Nanny, running after them after they had left the house.

"You have all forgotten your sewing."

"No, we didn't forget it," said Lulu, "we left it for Bessy."

"Some of it isn't finished," exclaimed Amy, "but it will be fun for Bessy to finish it when she is all alone."

"I am glad we did it," said Hatty, as they walked on.

"So am I," said Lulu; "it's the best picnic I ever was at."

"Picnic!" said Hatty. "I think it was more like a surprise party."

"I think it was like a sewing society," said Amy.

"What can we call it any way?" said Lulu.

"I think it was a sewing-surprise-picnic-society party," said Allie.

"Oh, what a long name!" laughed the others.

"Whatever we call it," said Hatty, "I think it was nice to do it, and I wish more little girls would try to have one."

I wish so too,—don't you? Perhaps you know of some little one to whom you could make just such a visit, carrying with you gladness and sweetness and loving-kindness, which may make a bright spot in some poor room which was not bright before.—*Sunday School Times.*

WHERE DO THE WRINKLES COME FROM?

"Where do the wrinkles come from?"
And joyous little Grace
Looked gravely in the mirror
At her rose-tinted face.

'Where do the wrinkles come from?"
Why first, dear, I suppose
The heart lets in a sorrow
And then a wrinkle grows.

Then anger comes a-tapping,
And the heart's door opens wide;
Then hasten naughty envy,
And discontent and pride.

And the wrinkles follow slowly;
For the face has for its part
To tell just what is doing
Down in the secret heart.

"And the red lips lose their sweetness,
And draw down so," said Grace,
"And the lovely, youthful angel
Goes slowly from the face."

Watch the gate of the heart, my darling,
For the heart is the dwelling-place
Of the magical angel of beauty,
Whose *smile is seen in the face.*
—*Household.*

ONE GERMAN BOY.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here it goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

BEYOND.

BY HENRY BURTON.

Never a word is said,
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped,
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But like flashes of the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given,
But it tones in after years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears;
While the to-morrows stand and wait,
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there;
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far-away.

A FREE PRESCRIPTION.

Cure for bad temper: Get a regular, family-size pill box. It will be found wonderfully helpful in cases of ill temper and tantrums to have compounded, and ready for immediate service, pills made up of the following:

One part smiles,
Two parts pleasant words and
Three parts pleasant actions.

Always keep on hand, and administer promptly, continually and patiently, especially in all severe and oft-repeated attacks of tantrums. Even cases of the worst and most chronic ill-nature have been known to break up before the administration of the second box.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Renewed feelings of ambition are synonomous with the opening of a new year. More resolutions are made than at any other time, and as often are they alas! broken. But with some the resolutions made with the dawn of a new year have been carried through to its close. Numerous lives of honor and achievement can be traced to some determination of purpose made upon an occasion such as the first day of a year affords for a fresh start in the journey of life. We all desire success; the problem of life is its winning. Every person carries in his or her own hand the key that unlocks either the door of success or failure. The true key of success is labor, and it requires a strong, resolute will to turn it. It is hard, earnest work, step by step, that ensures success, and never was this truth more potent than at the present time. Positions of trust and eminence are no longer secured at a single leap. Men and women have ceased to succeed in a hurry. Occasionally there will be an exception, but the instances are rare. Success, a writer has said, is the child of confidence and perseverance, and never was the meaning of a word more clearly defined. The secret of many successful careers is the thorough performance of whatever has been undertaken. An excellent maxim is that which counsels us never to put our hands to anything into which we cannot throw our whole energies harnessed with the very best of our endeavors. Perseverance is essential to success, since it is often achieved only through a succession of failures. In spite of our best efforts, failures are in store for the majority of the race. It remains, then, for us all to do the best we can under all circumstances, bearing in mind that races are not always won by the swiftest feet, nor triumphs in battle secured by the strongest arms. It is not so much the possession of swiftness or strength as it is the right application of them by which success is ensured.

In starting out upon the journey of life, it is well:

First, to obtain every kernel of knowledge within your reach.

Study people for the knowledge they can impart to you.

Read books for what they can teach you.

Next, see what your temperament best suits you for.

Mark your tendencies, and apply them.

Be sure you have not mistaken your calling.

Once certain, apply yourself to your chosen work.

Then, work hard, earnestly and incessantly.

Don't consider anything beneath you.

Be patient, honest and pleasant in manner.

Treat all persons alike, high or low.

Have a smile and a pleasant word for all.

Success may not come at first, but it will not be far off, and when it does come it will be the sweeter for the delay.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

THE BIBLE COMPETITION.

In our next number we hope to give the results of the Prize Bible Competition. The examination of these papers has been most interesting, though far from easy, and, interrupted by so much Christmas work, has taken longer than we planned. A new competition will also be announced.

MESSENGER OFFERS.

BOOKS, READY MONEY AND PICTURES FOR "MESSENGER" READERS.

The *Messenger* is doing well this year. Its readers say it is more interesting than it ever was before. We think they are right. But we want it to be more interesting still and are devising means to make it so. You can help by sending us many new subscribers. We have very many now, but we want to reach more—thousands more. And every worker for the *Messenger* will be doubly paid. First, by obtaining valuable premiums for his effort; secondly, and much better, by knowing that he is placing in the hands of others a paper whose whole influence is beneficial. This is something well worth working for.

And now we want to make an interesting new announcement. Every old subscriber who sends six subscriptions to the *Messenger* old or new, at 30 cents each, will have mailed, postage free, any book in the Home and Club circulating library catalogue or any one of the bound Pansy Library. If he sends eleven subscriptions he will receive two of these books.

The demand for the Pansy stories has been very great, and we have decided to encourage it still more by sending the bound copies, postage free, for thirty cents each to any subscriber of the *Messenger*.

Any one who collects ten cents in payment of a *bona fide* new subscription of the *Northern Messenger* for three months may send us the address with five cents and the *Northern Messenger* will be duly sent for the time mentioned, the object being to get the paper into a new family.

Any old subscriber to the *Northern Messenger* who, on remitting his own subscription, can get a new subscriber to remit with him in the one envelope can have the two papers for a year at twenty-five cents each. Further, new subscriptions sent with the subscription of an old subscriber will be taken at the same rate of twenty-five cents each.

Anyone who collects twenty cents in payment of the subscription of a *bona fide* new subscriber to the *Weekly Witness* for three months may send us the address with ten cents, and the *Weekly Witness* will be duly sent to such address for the time mentioned, the object being to get the paper into a new family.

A permanent home library or a club circulating library of a hundred volumes, more or less, can be obtained only by subscribers to the *Witness* and *Northern Messenger* on the remarkable terms below. The books are nicely printed and handsomely bound in cloth, and many of them fully illustrated. They are unabridged, and commonly sold at 75 cents each. A catalogue of these works appears below. To subscribers to the *Messenger* who send in their renewal or new subscriptions before the close of this year, they will be forwarded postage free for forty cents each in addition to the usual subscription price of the *Witness* or *Messenger*.

Each old subscriber to the *Messenger* who sends a new subscription to the *Weekly Witness* with his renewal of the *Messenger*, at $1.30 for the two, will receive free any book he may choose from the list below.

HOME AND CLUB CIRCULATING LIBRARY CATALOGUE. PRICE, 40 CENTS.

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Any subscriber to the *Messenger* who sends in with his renewal subscription one new one, each at thirty cents, will receive one of the Pansy stories; for five cents extra the new subscriber will also receive a book. Each story is in an illuminated paper cover and well illustrated. Sixteen subscribers at 30c, new or old, will entitle the sender to the full set of this new paper cover series. The names of these stories that may be selected are as follows:—

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.
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FOUR GIRLS AT CHAUTAUQUA.
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